

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY

The Common Soldier.

Nobody cared when he went to war,
But the woman who cried on his shoulder;
Nobody decked him with immortelles—
He was only a common soldier.

Nobody packed in a dainty trunk
Folded raiment and officer's fare;
A knapsack held all the new recruit
Might own, or love, or eat, or wear.

Nobody gave him a good-by fete,
With sparkling jest, and flower-crowned wine;
Two or three friends on the sidewalk stood
Watching for Jones, the fourth in line.

Nobody cared how the battle went
With the man who fought till the bullet sped
Through the coat, undecked with leaf or star,
On a common soldier left for dead.

The cool rain bathed the fevered wound,
And the kind clouds wept the living night;
A pitying lotion Nature gave,
Till help might come with the morning light—

Such help as the knife of the surgeon gives,
Cleaving the gallant arm from shoulder;
And another name swells the pension-list
For the meagre pay of a common soldier.

What matter how he served the guns
When plume and sash were over yonder?
What matter though he bore the flag
Through blinding smoke and battle thunder?

What matter that a wife and child
Cry softly for that good arm rent,
And wonder why that random shot
To him, their own beloved, was sent?

O partise hearts, wipe out this stain!
Give jeweled cup and sword no more;
But let no common soldier blush
To own the loyal line he wore.

Shout long and loud for victory won
By chief and leader staunch and true
But don't forget the boys that fought—
Silent for the common soldiers too.

STORY TELLER.

The History of Yankee Jim.

One scorching afternoon in July, 185-, the Hangtown stage creaked slowly over the plank roadway forming the principal street of Sacramento City, finally coming to a full stop in front of the El Dorado Hotel. It had not actually stopped before the usual knot of idlers were collected to stare, as they had done year in and year out, at the dozen or so dust-begrimed passengers who alighted, and who began thrashing themselves like men who had been out in a heavy fall of snow, instead of having just finished the hottest and dustiest sixty miles of road in America.

This particular stage usually made connection with the day boat for "The Bay," as San Francisco was usually termed in the interior; but on this occasion it had come too late by an hour, at least, and the boat was consequently at that moment twenty miles down the river. Upon learning this disagreeable piece of intelligence, the belated travelers scattered, grumbled at a detention which each took good care to explain could never have been worse timed or more inconvenient to himself than upon this particular afternoon.

One traveler, however, stood apparently nonplussed by the situation for a moment or two longer, until his eye caught the word "Bank," in big golden letters, staring at him from the opposite side of the street. He crossed over, read it again from the curbstone, and then slumped in at the door. He knew not why, but once within, he felt a strange desire to get out again as quickly as possible. But this secret admonition passed unheeded.

Before him was a counter, extending across the room, at the back of which was a solid wall of brick. Within this was built the bank vault, the iron door of which being half opened disclosed bags of coin piled upon the floor, and shelves from which the dull glitter of gold-dust caught the visitor's eye directly. The middle of the counter was occupied by a pair of tall scales of beautiful workmanship, in which dust was weighed, while on a table behind it were trays containing gold and silver coins. A young man, who was writing and smoking at the same time, looked up when the door opened to admit the person of whom we were speaking. To look at the two men, one would have said that it was the bank clerk who might be expected to feel the presentiment of evil. Really the other was half bandit in appearance.

In the solitary individual who has just entered the bank we shall describe not one man only, but a type of the thousands who, like migratory ants, passed and repassed the great highway leading to the mines of the Golden State. He was a bronzed, bearded and weather-beaten *hombre*, dressed in a faded woolen shirt, pantalons secured at the hips by a belt, and tucked loosely into a pair of miner's boots, a broad-brimmed felt

hat that had been hastily crushed upon his head, and a pea-jacket dangling from his left shoulder like the short cloak of an ancient *caballero*. The haft of a bowie-knife protruded, ready to be grasped, from his belt; and when he walked, a big "six-shooter" flapped against his right hip at every step. The man seemed a walking arsenal; but had the well-dressed young person behind the counter been searched, a "Derringer" would have been found in his pocket, while a revolver lay convenient to his hand underneath the counter.

Although he was alone and unnoticed, yet the stranger's manner was undeniably nervous and suspicious. Addressing the Cashier, he disjunctly said: "I say, mister, this yer boat's left; can't get to 'Frisco' after to-morrow?" (inquiringly).

"That's so," the Cashier assented.

"Well," continued the miner, "here's my fix; bound home for the State" (dropping his vote); "got two thousand stowed away; don't know a live hombre in this yer burg, and might get knifed afore morning in some fandango. See?"

"That's so," repeated the unmoved official. Then, seeing that his customer had come to an end, he said: "I reckon you want to deposit your money with us?"

"That's the how of it, stranger. Lock it tight whar I kin come for it to-morrow?"

"Down with the dust, then," observed the Cashier, taking the pen from behind his ear and preparing to write; but seeing his customer throw a wary glance right and left, he beckoned him to a more retired part of the bank, where the depositor very coolly divested himself of his shirt, in each corner of which twenty fifty-dollar "slugs" were knotted. An equal sum in dust was then produced from a buckskin belt, all of which was received without the least comment upon the ingenuity with which it had been concealed. A certificate in due form was then made out, specifying that James Wildes had deposited with the "Mutual Confidence and Trust Company," subject to his order, two thousand dollars. Glancing at the scrap of crisp paper as if hardly comprehending how it could be an equivalent for his precious heap of coin and dust, upon the counter, Jim heaved a deep sigh of relief, then crumpling the certificate tightly within his big fist, he exclaimed: "Thar! I kin eat and sleep now, I reckon. Blamed if I ever knew afore what a coward a rich man was!"

He then started for the door, hesitated, came back to the counter, and asked the clerk, in a confidential tone: "I say, what might be the valley of that buzzum-pin of yours? The old woman at home might like some kind of a trinket you know."

The clerk eyed the questioner sharply, carried his hand hastily to the diamond cluster flashing in his shirt front, and said, shortly: "Sixty ounces."

Jim gave a long whistle, and went out in search of a night's lodging.

Our man who had acquired among his fellow-miners the nickname of "Yankee Jim," had been a sailor before the mast. When the ship's anchor touched the bottom, he with his shipmates started at once for the "diggings," where he had toiled for two years with varying luck, but finding himself at last in possession of what would be considered a little fortune in his native town, we see him returning, filled with the hope of a happy meeting with the wife and children he had left behind.

But while Yankee Jim slept soundly, and dreamed blissfully of pouring golden eagles into Jane's lap, his destiny was being fulfilled. The great financial storm of 185- broke upon the State unheralded. Like a thief in the night the one fatal word passed over the wires that shut the doors of every bank, and made the boldest turn pale. Suspension was followed by panic, panic by ruin and dismay. Yankee Jim was only an atom swallowed up in the general and overwhelming disaster of that day.

In the morning he went early to the bank, to find it shut fast, and an excited and threatening crowd surging to and fro before the doors. Men with haggard faces were talking and gesticulating wildly. Women were weeping and wringing their hands. A sudden faintness came over him. What could it all mean? Mustering courage to put the question to a bystander, he was told to look and read for himself. Two ominous words, "Bank closed," were posted on the front of the building.

For a moment the poor fellow could not seem to take in the full meaning of the calamity that had fallen like a thunderbolt from a clear sky; but as it dawned upon him that his little fortune was swept away forever, and with it the hopes that had opened to his delighted fancy, the blood rushed to his brain, and his face grew purple. Then he fell back in a fit, deprived of sense or motion.

The first word he articulated when he came to himself was: "Home." Some kind souls paid his passage to San Francisco, where the sight of blue water, and of the big ships gallantly riding at their anchors, seemed to revive him a little. Wholly possessed by his one idea of getting home, he shipped on board the next home-bound steamer, going about his duty like a man half stunned, and who sees, without comprehending, what is passing around him.

The sailing of a homeward-bound steamer was one of the events of those days. To say that the whole city turned out to witness, or rather to assist at, her departure, would hardly be an exaggeration. On board, all was bustle and hilarity. On shore, jests and good-byes popped like champagne corks. Those who were going were the secret envy of those who were left behind, in whom this scene aroused that passionate, that uncontrollable yearning for the old home beyond the seas.

My own knowledge of the chief actor in this history began at four o'clock in the morning of the third day out from port. The California's engines were suddenly stopped. There was a hurried tramping of feet, a rattling of blocks on the deck, succeeded by a dead silence—a silence that could be felt. I jumped out of my berth and ran on deck. How well I recall that scene!

The morning, cold, damp and foggy, was an utterly dismal one. A pale light struggled through the heavy mist, but it was too thick to see a cable's length from the ship, although we distinctly heard the rattle of oars at some distance, with now, and then a quick shout that sent our hearts up into our mouths. We listened intently. No one needed to be told what those shouts meant.

The huge black hulk lay silent and motionless. Although the gloom hid it from us, the near vicinity of the coast was announced by the roaring of the surf, distinctly audible in that death-like stillness. We could not even make out the mastsheads for the fog in which they seemed dissolving. But in the vessel's wake stretched a half-luminous streak of phosphorescent foam, until it mingled with and was lost in the colorless vapor overarching the black and torpid tropic sea. Down this luminous track, and into the gloom beyond, our eyes were strained to discover the secret of the hour.

How long it was I can not tell, for minutes seemed hours then; but at last we heard the dip of oars, and the boat shot out of the fog within a biscuit-throw of the ship. I remembered that as they came alongside, the upturned faces of the men were ghastly and pinched. One glance showed that the search had been in vain.

The boat was secured, the huge paddle struck the water like clods, the heavy floating mass swung slowly around to her helm. But at the instant when we were turning away, awed by the mystery of this death-scene, a cry came out of the darkness—a yell of agony and deepest horror—that nailed us to the deck. May I never hear the like again! "Save me! for God's sake, save me!" pierced through and through the silence till a hundred frantic voices seemed repeating it. The cry was so near that every eye instinctively turned to the spot whence it proceeded—so near that it held all who heard it in breathless, sickening suspense. Had the sea really given up its dead?

Before one might count ten, the boat was again manned and clear of the ship. I recollect the figure of the first officer as he stood erect in the stern-sheets, with the tiller-ropes in his hand, peering into the fog. I can see the men springing like tigers to their work, and the cutter tossing on the seething brine astern like a chip. Then the fog shut them from view again. But never more was that voice heard on land or sea. It was the last agonized shriek of retreating consciousness, no doubt, as the Pacific closed over Yankee Jim's head.

At eight the bells were assembled around the capstan at our Captain's call, when the few poor effects of the lost man were produced. His kit contained one or two soiled letters, a

daguerrotype of two blooming children half in hand, a piece of crumpled paper, and a few articles of clothing. I noticed that while smoothing out the creases in this scrap of paper the Captain became deeply attentive, then thoughtful, then very red. Clearing his throat, he began as follows:

"It's an old sea custom to sell by auction the kit of a shipmate who dies on blue water. You all know it's a custom of the land to search for the last will of a deceased friend as soon as the funeral is over. The man we lost this morning we shipped by his fo'castle or sea name—a very common thing among sailors; but I've just found out his true one since I stood on this spot; and what's more, I've found out that he had been in trouble. An idea strikes me right here that he found it too heavy for him. God knows. But it's more to the point that he left a wife and two children, whose sole dependence he was. Gentlemen and mates, take off your hats while I read you this letter."

The letter, which bore evidence of having been read and read again, ran as follows:

Oh, James! and are you really coming home, and with such a lot of money, too? Oh, I can't believe it all! How happy we shall be once more! It makes me feel just like a young girl again, when you and I used to roam in the berry pasture hand in hand, and never coveted anything in the wide world but to be together. You haven't forgot that, my lad, have you? or the old cedar on the cliff where you asked me for your own wife, and the heaven over us and the sea at our feet, all so beautiful, and we so happy! Do come quick. Surely God has helped me to wait this long, weary time, but now it seems as if I couldn't bear it another day. And the little boy, James, just your image; it's all he can say, "Papa, come home." How can you have the heart to stay in that wicked place?"

When he had finished, some of the lady passengers were crying softly. He then read the fatal certificate of deposit, holding it up so that all might see.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he went on, "you've heard the story, and can put this and that together. When we get to Panama, I'm going to write a letter to the widow. It's for you to say what kind of a letter it shall be. That's why I've asked you here. Now, purser, put up the certificate of deposit."

"How much am I offered—how much?" said the purser.

Ten, twenty, forty, fifty dollars were quickly bid. Then a woman's voice said seventy, and the bidding ran up to one hundred and fifty. It was knocked down to a red-shirted minor, who laid three fifty-dollar pieces on the capstan, saying, as he did so: "Tain't half enough, Cap. Sell her again—sell her again."

The sale went on, each buyer putting the certificate up for sale again, until the noble emulation covered the capstan with gold.

"Stop a bit, purser," said Captain M—, counting the money. "That will do," he continued; "the sale is over. Here are just two thousand dollars. The certificate of deposit is redeemed."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Flood of Wedded Bliss.

The city is full of brides. There hasn't been for several years such a flood of newlywedded bliss poured into the city at one time, wreathed in smiles. There is nothing mean about a young couple on a wedding tour. They are happy, and they want everybody else to be happy. As a rule they go sight-seeing merely as a matter of form, and when a guide gets a young married couple in tow he has what is technically known among the fraternity as a "soft snap." The guide, if he has had experience with these kind of visitors, very soon finds a comfortable seat in some quiet place and asks them to enter a certain room or building. The guide takes his departure, and knowing that he would not be missed for five or six hours, embraces the opportunity to attend the funeral of a friend, or plays cards with other guides who have also bridal couple in tow, and in the latter part of the day makes his appearance before his employers, whom he finds seated in the same place, apparently having forgotten his existence. When he apologizes for the delay, he is smilingly told that he was not very long away, and so the sight-seeing is resumed. The bridal couple scatter happiness around them wherever they go, and is there are about forty couples now in the city, the amount of happiness that is now being diffused in the community can readily be calculated. It has, in fact, assumed such proportions that no doubt Mr. Ruff will soon designate it as a business, and levy a special license tax.—*Washington Star.*

Something for Girls.

While reading the *JOURNAL* recently, my eyes fell upon a heading on the first page, "Go to work, young man." I have noticed that nineteen times out of twenty, the papers contain advice for young men or boys. Why thus? Are they of this generation, so much below our ancestors of past centuries, intellectually, morally and physically, as to need constant advice from all classes of persons. Pity us of this century if such be the case; but above all else, pity the boys and young men.

I know but a minority of the young folks of this age can entirely withstand the temptations constantly thrown in their paths, and should be warned and advised. Advice in itself is a good thing; but too much may have the same effect upon a person as repeated chidings have upon a wayward child. It serves merely to increase their contrariness and stubbornness.

People must learn by experience, and few are willing to learn from that of others. Let them take their own course, provided the danger is not too great: it will teach them a lesson, and make them more careful afterwards. The advice given the boys and young is all very good, and there is nothing apparent to quarrel with. I was merely wondering why more was not given to the girls. Or, are they all so faultless as to need none?

As a rule, I am not very merciful to the male sex; but it seems hardly fair for them to receive all the lectures, when the female is in as great if not greater need. But the fault is not entirely theirs. I think some rests with the parents; too many of whom are bringing up their children in idleness, and even teaching them to scorn labor and the laborer. Some parents, though earning their living by manual labor, train their children to consider it degrading; even through it is the only means by which they can acquire for them food, clothing and shelter.

Too many of our girls are growing up in the parlor, while their mothers dig and delve in the kitchen (or may be in other persons' kitchens), and spending the money their father has earned by some hard manual labor. And when those poor, overworked, deluded parents cease from their toil, what happens?

Where are these girls? They hardly deserve the name of daughters. Thrown out upon the tender mercies of the cold world, perhaps alone, friendless, penniless. They can play on the piano a little, sing a little, read and speak French and German a little, accomplished a little in all, at this age, regarded as refined accomplishments. But of what use are such things then? In order to teach music it is necessary to be a thorough scholar in that branch, as few persons care to engage other teachers. In singing it is the same. Jabbering French or German at a street corner might succeed in attracting a crowd but not money. The French language is very beautiful, and German may be also, and is fast becoming quite useful in the United States, where there are so many of foreign blood; but in order to teach either language, it is generally best to be familiar with them.

She might hire out as a servant, but pride says No! with the largest of exclamation points after it. Besides, she cannot cook, wash, scrub, or even sew decently by hand. She might be some person's companion. But about one person in five thousand want companions, and there are probably several thousand girls in the same dilemma as herself. What will she do then? That question has puzzled many, many persons: it has been answered in various ways. I shall not attempt an answer.

This does not refer alone to speaking but to deaf-mute girls. The latter class are placed in an even worse position, in such a case, if brought up in idleness and taught to scorn labor. Do not be discouraged, girls, because some are rich, some poor, or because of your affliction. It was sent you in mercy from Heaven. Make the best of it. Set to work and conquer your pride, then determine to learn something thoroughly, no matter what; even scrubbing would be preferable to nothing. I know that all girls are not capable of hard manual labor, and it is wrong to force it upon them. While one may be able to stand over a wash tub and ironing board twice or thrice a week, another would be compelled to stop the first hour. But almost all girls can learn to cook or sew. Many can draw and paint. Do not be discouraged by the everlasting boasting and criticism with which a favored few may tor-

ment you; keep steadily on, and ten to one you will come out ahead of them in the end. Most likely they will be jealous, and say uncharitable things of you—it would not be like a deaf-mute to do otherwise; but never you mind. People must talk. Let them. Talk hurts no one who shows she is determined not to notice, and attends to her own business; besides it cannot last always, for, thank God! there is an end to everything. So with insults—never notice them, no matter what. When you enter to fight the world, it is best to start out with a big pocket for the insults, and a small one for the kindnesses which may be shown you.

Be lady-like, girls, as far as you know how, and reserved. Even though called *proud*, keep clear of bad company; keep your secrets to yourself, and your opinions in most cases, and those of other persons too.

Do not become a gossip. Nothing is so detestable to a truly refined person as a gossiping man or woman; there are too many already, and the trouble they cause is something fearful to contemplate.

Be kind to the poor and afflicted. Do all the good in the world you can, and thus teach others that by your life, though afflicted, you are trying to follow the example of Christ, who went about doing good. S. L. C.

ABOUT TALKING.

BOB BURDETTE GIVES MORE ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

And one parting word, Telemachus. Don't talk to a man in a railway car. He is rarely, and if I am the man, never thankful to you. When you have suffered from this kind of conversation as I have, my boy, you will appreciate its measureless horror as I do.

Railway conversation is always tiresome; the listener has to strain his ear to hear; the talker must strain his voice to speak. If you speak in low tones, you and your companion cannot hear each other. If you speak up loud and clear, everybody in the car can hear you. Many a rattling mile over the rail has been filled with amusement for me, listening to the shrieking conversation of two persons sitting half a car length away from me talking over their private affairs to the listening world that couldn't hear hearing, unless it was stone deaf.

Never talk to people on a train, unless you really have something to say; then say it, and close your shell. Don't talk in the mere effort to pass away the time. You will only make the hours indefinitely heavier and more wearisome. And now that the winter season is coming on, and the lectures will soon begin again, and lecturers will soon travel up and down the land, let me beg of you one personal favor for myself. If you meet me at the station or see me on the train, don't, for the love of heaven, don't rush up and introduce a friend "who is going that way and will be company for me." From that moment I hate your friend and will endeavor to freeze him out. I don't want any company on the train. I hate people in the cars. I don't want to be entertained. All I want is a single seat all to myself, just so much as I pay for, and if I could select a traveling companion I would choose a deaf and dumb man with his hands tied, or an Indian cigar sign. I think I would like to travel with an Indian cigar sign. If I can't talk enough every night to last me all the next day, without wearing out my lungs shrieking on a clattering railway car, I will let the fact be known.

Ah, my boy, if some of the people who have "entertained" me on railroad trains only knew my glad heart bounded in grateful joy when they had to get off the train and leave me alone, they would never speak to me anywhere. Of course, my boy, circumstances and the people you meet, and their ability to entertain and their varying dispositions, will teach you when and where to make liberal exceptions to these rules. And if you can't tell when a man or woman is tired of you and doesn't want to talk to you, if you can't see when your conversation is a bore and your chatter is irksome, then you had better apply for a position as teacher in some asylum for deaf-mutes, and learn to forget how to talk and lose your voice as fast as you can.

"Where are the men of '76?" shrieks an excited exchange. Oh, to Halifax with the men of '76. Give us the women of '23.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Wonder of The Yellowstone.

James Carrol, a well known citizen of Helena, recently made a remarkable discovery in the Yellowstone Park. He was alone, waiting for his fellow excursionists to come up. But let him tell his own story: "While waiting, I dismounted and sat down on a rock, with my Winchester lying across my knee. Around me was a scene of grandeur. I was in a deep gorge which led down into the valley. On each side the gray cliffs towered to a magnificent height. Behind me was the steep path down which I had come through a thick growth of stunted pines, while in front of and below me was the gorge (a quarter of a mile wide), its bottom covered from the foot of one cliff to the other with a heavy growth of timber. After resting a while I stood up and listened, expected to hear my friends approaching. But not a sound met my ear. The stillness was so deep that a feeling of uneasiness came over come, and I attempted to call out to my companions. But although I opened my mouth and went through all the details of a good lusty yell, not a sound could I make. I tried again, and with the same result. I couldn't understand it. My horse, which had been standing by me, noticed a movement of the bushes near by, and probably thinking her equine friends were near, attempted a 'whinny.' It was a sad failure, for she could not make a sound. She was evidently as much astonished as I, and became as uneasy. I was on the point of mounting and starting back up the mountain, when a fierce looking wild animal of the panther tribe stepped out of the bushes within thirty feet of where I was standing. It saw me instantly, and stooped to spring at me. I hastily brought my gun to my shoulder and—fired, shall I say? No. I pulled the trigger, but there was no report, although the smoke puffed out the end of the gun and the wild beast fell as if struck. It immediately jumped up and hobbled into the brush, but leaving a trail of blood behind it. I was now confirmed in my former suspicion that I was in a land of enchantment; and, although not at all superstitious under ordinary circumstances, I would not have been much surprised now to see the devil himself jump out from behind a rock. I immediately jumped on my horse and started back up the path. In about a hundred yards I met my companions, who were all standing close together trying to talk to each other, but altogether they seemed to be shouting at the top of their voices they were really as dumb as the dead. Although I felt that Old Nick himself was just as likely to be on my trail, I could not help laughing at their odd gestures, grimaces and red faces from their efforts at making themselves heard. They were pretty badly frightened, too. I passed by them and beckoned them to follow me back the way they had come. No attempt was made at conversation. After going a quarter of a mile in silence I lost my way. One of my comrades, who seemed to think he knew the way back to the trail came up close to me and bending over so that his mouth was close to my ear, with a superhuman effort yelled 'Let me lead!' His shout nearly burst my tympanum. We had got out of the charmed air.—*Helena (Montana) Herald.*

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Cleveland, O., (Th'ksg'ng)	Nov. 30th.
St. Louis, Mo.,	Dec. 3d.
Kansas City, Mo.,	" 4th.
Fulton, Mo.,	" 5th.
Louisiana, Mo.,	" 6th.
Springfield, Ill.,	" 7th.
Danville, Ill.,	" 8th.
Chicago, Ill.,	" 10th.
Canton, O.,	" 14th.
Cincinnati, O., (Lecture)	" 16th.
" " "	" 17th.
Hillsboro, O.,	" 18th.
Dayton, O.,	" 19th.
Youngstown, O.,	" 20th.
Cleveland, O.,	" 24th.
" " "	" 25th.
" " "	" 31st.
Bellevue, O.,	" 27th.

Other appointments will be made as they come.

A city girl was having a jolly good time visiting her country cousins the other day, but was frightened out of the fields by having all the sheep and cattle take after her. When she visits the country again she will stick to bran or sawdust, and not to improve the rotundity of anything inside her stockings, by a compound mixture of corn meal and salt.—*Toledo American.*

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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In last week's issue of the *Deaf-Mute Advance* we find the following interesting item:

"Alex Lincey, of Corning, Ia., is alone in the world, an orphan—no brothers or sisters to console him, and just from school, aged 27. He is called handsome, and is pleased to say that he is well supplied with this world's goods; he wants some one to write love letters to him, and he will find him to be a loving and dutiful husband. Please address Alex Lincey, Corning, Ia."

"An orphan, aged 27," is something that at once appeals to the sympathy and affection of tender-hearted females, but when the "orphan" is "called handsome," and is "well supplied with this world's goods," there is inducement sufficient to call forth an avalanche of that all-absorbing passion for which his ardent spirit yearns. It is a terrible thing to be left alone in the world at the age of 27. Gentle readers, picture to yourselves this poor little brunette orphan, saddened by the weight of twenty-seven winters, shivering in the cold and heartless world, and sighing for some one to console him and write him love letters.

Can any one conceive of a more miserable, chicken-spirited fellow? A year ago he sent us an almost similar note for publication. It went to the waste basket, where all such trash belongs. But the *Advance* man, with wisdom born of long experience, insults his female readers and disgraces both males and females by giving it publication. What a pilot to stand at the helm of a deaf-mute paper! Such items mislead and warp the minds of many readers who have not sufficient education to know the impropriety of writing, much less sending for publication, letters of this kind. This Iowa "orphan" is not the only one who has written such foolish letters. Dozens of like character have been sent to the *JOURNAL*, and have been thrown into the waste-basket, or returned with a few words of advice. Until now we have never thought it necessary to make a public lesson of these idiotic acts, but when we find such an item submitted to the eye of the public, it is our duty, in justice to the large majority of intelligent deaf-mutes, to protest against the repetition of such conduct, which is as nauseating as it is foolish. The public may not expect much from an Iowa "orphan," but it at least has a right to look for more gumption in an Illinois editor(?)

ANOTHER deaf-mute paper has gone where the woodbine twine. The *Silent World*, of Canada, bade "Farewell, a long farewell, to all its greatness," and has gone to keep company with its namesake that died about nine years ago. The cause of the collapse is lack of patronage and substantial evidence of public appreciation. The paper is but little known in the United States, and it will not be missed much by deaf-mutes on this side of the Canadian border line. On the other side, however, it will leave quite a blank. It is strange that the mutes of the Dominion cannot afford to support a newspaper of their own. The departed luminary was intelligently edited, and taken altogether, was quite newsworthy and interesting. Some of the finest articles that have appeared before the deaf-mute public were originally published in its columns. Like all papers, it contained at times articles which could honestly and fairly be objected to by impartial persons, but even these articles possessed the merit of being straightforward and well-meaning, and indicated lack of judgment rather than malice on the part of those who wrote them.

THE Institution at Flint, Michigan, is rather unfortunate. Right on the heels of a measles epidemic comes a couple of cases of diphtheria. Precautions have been taken against the spread of this latter disease, and it is hoped that no serious results will occur.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

At present, Joliet, Ill., has eight deaf-mutes.

William McGowan was married to Matilda Dannel, of Cape Vincent, N. Y., recently.

On Christmas, B. L. Hendericks will go to Woodstock, Ill., on a visit to his sister and brother-in-law.

George B. Bowers of Millersburg, Pa., requests James S. Reider of Philadelphia, to send him A. L. Manning's address.

It is reported that Miss Nellie Lothridge will be married on the 29th inst. The ceremony will take place at St. Ann's Church at eight o'clock P. M.

Collins S. Sawhill, and George M. Reading, of Bradock Pa., went to see "Ike" H. Sawhill, of Tarrytown, Pa., last Saturday. They had a nice time there.

Finley Laird, who became sick and went to Bulger, Pa., where his parents live, last October, came back to work last Tuesday, but is not very well.

Miss Mary Tugman, of Philadelphia, congratulates Mrs. Nellie McGinness on her marriage, and wishes her great happiness in her future life.

Annie Owens, a pupil of the Buffalo, N. Y., Institution, was terribly burned by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp a little over two weeks ago, and died three days after.

Fred N. Coganey will visit New York during the Christmas holidays. He will stop at Utica, and Washington Mills, N. Y., and return to Cape Vincent about New Year's.

Mrs. Collins S. Sawhill went to Columbus, O., with Mrs. John A. Lynn last week. She may not return until Thanksgiving day or longer. Her husband is still working in the steel works.

Wm. A. Jackson, of Attleboro, Mass., will be married to Miss Renée, of New York City, on December 27th. They do not expect to be present at the Levee, but in all probability will take in the Philadelphia affair.

Annie Brewer, a deaf-mute, was badly burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp at 531 East Sixteenth street last night. The police are looking for Francis Hogan, whom they suspect of having caused her injuries.—*New York Sun*, Nov. 20.

There was a party held at the residence of Charles F. Barth, of Buffalo, N. Y., on the evening of November 14th. The deaf-mutes present were Martin D. Krendosky, Jacob Staffinger, John Hotz, A. Benz, John P. Coulton, Mr. and Mrs. Staffinger.

While W. Durian, a pupil of the New York Institution, was riding in the Elevated car Saturday last, he met a gentleman named Morris, who said he had a deaf-mute friend named Emma Proctor living in Hartford, Ct., and that he would soon visit New York City.

The father of F. J. Brown, of West Greenwich Centre, R. I., lost a valuable horse lately. It was found dead at a spring, where it had evidently slipped while drinking and was suffocated. It could trot 4½ miles in 6 minutes.

The Joliet Steel Company, of Joliet, Ill., have employed three deaf-mutes at their mills. They are Messrs. J. O. Keefe, of Reading, Pa.; Edward Grovel, of Buffalo, N. Y.; B. L. Hendericks, of Joliet, Ill. Mr. Keefe and Mr. Grovel work in the Rail Mill, by the ton, but Mr. Hendericks is a laborer outside of the Converter Mill. He is doing well, and is a good, reliable and steady worker.

Fred Smith, of Fall River, Mass., writes:—"Allow me to correct a mistake in your last issue. Mr. J. T. Tillinghast did not employ William Acheson to collect for the Fall River Society. I (Fred Smith), being the manager of the Society, did that. I am thinking that your informant must be itching for a wrangle with Mr. T. I shouldn't wonder if it was that B. A."

The salary of the President of the United States is \$50,000 per annum. Mr. Vanderbilt's wealth is variously estimated at from \$70,000,000 to \$100,000,000. He is popularly supposed to be the richest man in the world. The combined wealth of the Rothschilds is said to be \$400,000,000; the exact amount, however, cannot be given. It does not follow as a natural consequence that the children of deaf-mutes will be afflicted in a similar manner.—*Golden Days*, Nov. 18.

A Denial.

NOVEMBER 17, 1882.

Please correct in your next issue the item in this week's *JOURNAL* that "I had employed W. Acheson to collect in Fall River." It was awarded without my knowledge, and I would like to know the sender in order to ask him not to do so again. [The sender was Harry White—Ed.] I have nothing to do with the P. M. Society. From what I do know, I think that is also a mistake. Some one is in too much hurry to "count the chickens before they are hatched."

Yours, etc.,

J. T. TILLINGHAST.

Said to be a Fraud.

A well known person of Atlanta writes warning the people of Philadelphia against a man giving the name of John Sherman, who is deaf and dumb, and, if our correspondent is not mistaken, is a fraud. This Sherman asked the city council for permission to peddle rubber stamps without paying license. Our information is that this namesake of the great general does not peddle anything. He has samples of stamps, will take the order for them, take pay in advance, and that is the last of it; you get nothing but a receipt of payment. Several at Atlanta would like their money back. It is about two months since he was there. They were to get the stamps in five days. He had a *Panograph* pencil-book to converse on in Atlanta. If the said John Sherman is in Bloomington, it might be well for the police to investigate him pretty thoroughly.—*The Bloomington (Ga.) Weekly Panograph*. [Every one should look out for him.—Ed.]

Will Miss Katie C. Shute please inform her long lost friend her present address through the *JOURNAL*.

"Uncas" would like to hear how Messrs. Wilkinson, Waters, Reynolds, Vetterlein and Stengele, are getting along now.

Mr. S. Hamilton, the well known agent for the Beverly Industrial School, has been in Worcester collecting money now for a month.

M. T. Butts, of Binghamton, N. Y., moved his family to Scammon, N. J., last July. He is working in a powder factory at West Hoboken, N. J.

The Philadelphia Levee will soon be advertised in the *JOURNAL*. In the meantime, circulars can be obtained from Thomas Breen, Secretary of the Levee Committee.

Last Sunday, Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashua, N. H., was in Worcester, Mass., on a visit, and he preached to the deaf-mutes in the place of J. O. Sanger, who did not come.

Miss Ella Randall, of the Rome school, has been appointed as supervisor to take care of the girls during the study hours, filling the vacancy caused by Miss Blauvelt's resignation.

A mute living some miles from Glenhead, L. I., would like to know if there are any people of the same class living near the above mentioned place or either in the county of Queens, Long Island, through the *JOURNAL*.

So Mr. Pinn has gone back on Miss F. and got married to another lady. We, the Romans, wish them both happiness, and hope they will not forget to stop at Rome and see their old friends and classmates.

J. M. T. Davis and two women deaf-mutes were in Worcester, Mass., for two weeks selling alphabet cards, and they made a good deal of money. They went to Springfield, Mass., two weeks ago.

Michael Coyne has returned to Leadville, Col., from his long trip over the Marshall Pass and the Black Canon, where he was working on the Utah extension for four weeks, in the Utah Indian Reservation.

Mrs. Mamie Genet left Thomaston, Conn., for New York City, on Saturday morning last. She is in Harlem, 111 East 124th Street, at Mrs. Roberts' residence, and expect to remain until Dec. 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Jewell, of Rome, N. Y., have gone to Elmira, to see his mother who has been very sick for some weeks and is in a critical state. Let us hope that they have found her on the road of recovery.

Prof. J. H. Eddy, of Rome, N. Y., delivered a lecture on the 18th inst., in the chapel of the institution, and the subject was "Manufactures." It was very instructive to the scholars. The teachers take turns every three weeks. The next teacher will be Prof. F. L. Selney, and his subject will be "Patents."

Last Saturday, Mr. James H. Caton went to Brooklyn accompanied by Peter Mitchell. His friend, Mr. Elmendorf, has just subscribed for the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*, as he says he takes a great interest in the paper. Mr. Caton visited the parents of Miss Maggie McCormack, who is now at St. Joseph's Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ellwood Guss wish their friends to know that they have permanently settled down to housekeeping in a nice new house at 1215 Madison St., St. Louis, where they would be glad to welcome their friends. A call from some of their Philadelphia friends is anxiously looked for about Christmas Holidays.

CLEVELAND.

WEDDING BELLS—EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS—ITEMS OF INTEREST.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—After hunting up news of interest among our class, I came to the conclusion that, hoping to satisfy your readers, I have gathered a heap of items during two weeks of my rest.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, mother and father of Miss Fowler, present pupil at the Columbus School, the sister of the latter was married to Mr. George L. Bailey, agent of the National Transit Company. There were present a large number of invited guests to witness the solemn marriage, there being no one who was a mute present, owing to some reason best known to the parents, with one exception, Miss Fowler was the only witness, she being a member of the family. The presents were numerous and elegant, and the congratulations of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey following, after which different kinds of refreshments were served, much to the satisfaction of their guests' appetites. Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, left for the East, and a safe journey and home-ward return is the sincere prayer of their numerous friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. McGinness came to Cleveland on their bridal trip, where they stopped at the former's home, Cleveland being his old place of residence years ago. Much to the delight of happiness of the parents, they were highly pleased to have their new daughter-in-law. They received congratulations hereabouts, and went to Columbus to "settle down." Mr. McGinness is an industrious man, and by his hard work and reputation he has won for him the sincere appreciation and honor by his employers. May this example be followed by others.

We are disappointed to read the news in the "Itemizer" of last week's issue, that Mrs. Sawhill would go to Columbus to enjoy a visit. May we have the pleasure of receiving a call from her when she comes to Cleveland on her way home.

A gentleman, aged about 35, informs your scribe that he would like to know the address of Miss Nicholas, of Philadelphia. Should this meet the eyes of Miss N., she will please do a favor by sending her address to the *JOURNAL*.

It is stated on good authority that M. J. Smith, the St. Louis champion pool-player, is at last married. The name of his wife was Miss Barry. He does not work in the rolling mill at present. His business is that of cigar and tobacco agent, to solicit orders for a big (?) firm.

Eurdoras Harden, a smiling father, the weigh-master of the Vulcan Steel Works in St. Louis, laid off for two weeks, owing to the repairs of a boiler. He resumed his duties last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Guss, of St. Louis, have taken the household duties. The rooms they occupy cost \$20 per month. Oh, ain't it high toned?

Rev. Mr. Mann left for the far west this week to deliver sermons, to be absent for a month, when he expects to be back home Thanksgiving to eat turkey with his family.

We have an addition to our mute community in the person of Miss Emma King, ten years old, who recently moved here with her parents from Buffalo, N. Y. Her father is a wood carver. They used to live in Corry, Pa., where Mr. King held the responsible position of superintendent of a furniture factory, but the factory was burned, so he moved to Buffalo. Should they like to make Cleveland their future home, it is more than probable that Emma will be admitted to the Ohio School. She is a bright, fine looking girl. Mrs. Edwards, nee Miss Hubbard, used to teach her while at home, during leisure hours.

Robt. Stevenson is employed on the *Leader* as a distributor, and makes lots of 'em. After Thanksgiving, his home will be in the Quaker City, as his folks will settle down there.

Two sad accidents occurred this week—viz., one at the rolling mill, in which a boiler exploded, killing two men and wounding one, and the other at Perkins' building, where a derrick gave way, falling on two men, killing them instantly, and seriously wounding one man. Mr. Perkins, who is heir to about \$2,000,000, and a generous hearted man, when he heard the sad news, hurried to the scene and cried like a child, and promised to provide for the dead men's families throughout their lives. All the funeral expenses were paid by him, and he sent the body of one of the dead men to the widow at Troy, N. Y.

General feelings of surprise were expressed in town, and expressions of honor at his generosity, which should be followed by other stingy men, were made in the papers. He owns three large buildings made of stone. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Turner arrived in Cleveland safely, and are in good health. Success to them.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

"A deaf and dumb person is conversing with a friend, who has not lost the use of his vocal organs, and in addressing him is extremely proud of gesture. 'Don't yell at me so!' finally protests his interlocutor, 'I ain't blind!'"

Mary Cooper was so terribly frightened by a drunkard, who had a fit of delirium tremens in her presence, in Philadelphia, that she became dumb. During two weeks she was unable to speak a word, her vocal organs being paralyzed, and she had begun to learn the mute alphabet, believing that she would never recover, when her speech returned as suddenly as it had left her.—*Exchange*.

Judge Young appeared in the police court Saturday afternoon as counsel for a big, bluff German with a voice like Stentor. When counsel and client whispered confidentially to each other it was as thunder reverberating through a rocky cavern. The German had had his adopted daughter arrested for incorrigibility. One witn-ness charged that the man was in the habit of speaking to the girl in a loud, gruff tone. "Your honor," said Young to the court, "this man does speak in a very loud tone of voice, but it is due to the fact that he is very deaf, and has been so for years. I had a somewhat similar experience myself. My grandfather, who was ninety-one years old, was very deaf, and was accustomed to say to me, 'Speak louder,' but," with a sly look at the reporters, Peter added, "I related this incident on a former occasion, and it provoked considerable newspaper merriment."—*Cleveland Penny Press*.

The wires bring the startling news that a Marietta, O., man was struck dumb Friday, while telling a lie. If it's going to become a customary thing for every Ohio man who tells a lie to be struck dumb, the State will be a vast congregation of mutes by next spring.—*Exchange*.

Miss Fowler, who comes home to see her sister wed, will not go to school until after Thanksgiving. "Coal-mining business," says Mr. Morris, of Massillon, O., "does not agree with me, for it is risky for me to work under the ground." Lack of hearing and speech is the cause of his complaint. He turns out to work at other business. Right, yes; farming is the best trade for deaf-mutes in the world. BREVIER.

A \$20.00 Biblical Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve valuable rewards in their *Monthly* for December, among which is the following:

We will give \$20.00 in gold to the person telling us how many verses there are in the New Testament Scriptures (not the New Revision) by December 10th, 1882. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner December 15th, 1882. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the Christmas *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published. This may be worth \$20.00 to you; cut it out. Address *RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY*, Easton, Penna.

NEW YORK.

Silver Wedding.

PROTECTION vs. FREE TRADE

Lecture at the M. L. A.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

Clement R. Thomson lectured before the Manhattan Literary Association on Homer's Iliad. The story begins in the tenth year of the Siege of Troy by the Greeks, and is throughout replete with warlike and heroic deeds. It marks the death of great warriors, and finally the destruction of Troy and the slaying of Priam, King of Troy, at the altar.

Through the whole lecture, Mr. Thomson held the attention of the audience, and at the conclusion he was applauded to the echo. Short stories were then told by Messrs. Froehlich, C. O'Brien, Basch, Donnelly, Wilkinson, Left and Cornelius.

The good ship "Protection" was launched last Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., at the rooms of the C. L. U. She set sail most auspiciously under the skillful management of J. F. O'Brien and Thomas Holland, and all went well until she encountered a piratical craft with "Free Trade" nailed to the masthead.

A terrific encounter took place, and the Protectionists finally succumbed to the onslaughts of the Free Traders.

Both sides drew the Cobden Club, a Free Trade organization, in London, England, into their discussion; but its success and objects were put in altogether different lights by the differ-ent sides.

One side upheld England, Australia, India and Portugal as examples to the success of Free Trade; the other side went on to show how these countries had been or now are being ruined by Free Trade, and their only hope lay in protection.

A great deal was said about the merits and demerits of Protection in the United States, and both sides gave numerous good points. The government was slaughtered in a terrible manner. Fawcett, the great Free Trader, was hauled into the direct line of fire without the least ceremony. The Declaration of Independence, Revenue Reform, Free Canals and Ship-building received their due share of attention. The debate wound up in a grand final by the voting resulting in 7 to 8—a small majority of one for Free Trade.

The attendance was very small, only fifteen deaf-mutes being present. Professor Weston Jenkins has selected his subject for the lecture before the C. L. U. on Wednesday evening, December 13th, "Fairy tales of Science," which will include an account of the most striking discoveries of the various physical sciences—chemistry, astronomy, geology and zoology.

"Five and twenty years through shine and shadow."

"Five and twenty years, my gentle wife, You and I have walked together, Down the rugged road of life. From the hills of Spring we started, And through all the Summer land, And the fruitful Autumn country, We have journeyed hand in hand."

"We have borne the heat and burden, Toiling painfully and slow; We have gathered in our harvest, With rejoicing, long ago. Leave the uplands for our children, They are strong to sow and reap; Through the quiet Winter lowlands, Our own level we may keep."

"Tis a dreary country, darling, You and I are passing through, But the road lies straight before us, And the miles are short as I few; Few more dangers to encounter, Few more hills to climb, true friend, Nothing now but simple walking, Till we reach our journey's end."

"We have had our time of gladness; 'Twas a proud and happy day, Ah! the proudest of our journey, When we felt that we could say, Or the children had given, Looking fondly on the five, Lovely woman is our daughter, Noble men our sons must be."

"We have had no time of sorrow, Had no time of anxious fears, We could not see the mill-stones Through the blindness of our tears. For our family chain unbroke Still remains with us to-day— Others will set out when we did, Have left their dear ones by the way."

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger was celebrated last Friday evening Nov. 17th.

Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger were married in St. Stephen's Catholic Church, East 27th street, New York City, on Nov. 17th, 1857, by the Rev. Dr. Cummings, now deceased. Mr. Weinberger's best man was Mr. McQuade. The bridesmaid was a niece of Mrs. Weinberger.

But to come to the present silver wedding. The affair was the most magnificent event which has occurred for a number of years among the deaf-mutes of New York.

The weather, which had been very bad during the day, kept away many who would otherwise have been in attendance. At 8 P. M. the rain ceased and snow, the first of the season, began to fall. This token of the approaching winter was received with exclamations of surprise and admiration, and was also looked upon as a good omen.

The guests were received at the door by the charming Miss Ella Weinberger, the eldest daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger were found in the parlor, surrounded by admiring friends, and receiving congratulations with becoming dignity, which twenty-five years of married life and the manifold blessings of a merciful Providence gives to His children who "love, honor and obey" Him.

At 9 P. M. Mrs. Jahring, who had charge of the arrangements, finding that all had arrived, requested the guests to assemble in the parlor. Mr. Jahring mounted a chair and made a brief address, welcoming those present in the name of Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger, and addressing the Weinbergers, congratulating them on having been so happily mated, on having assisted each other over this rugged road of life, and called the attention to the numerous blessings an All-Wise Being had showered upon them, to the numerous friends who had assembled this evening to celebrate the event, and to the slight tokens of esteem presented on this their silver wedding, and that he hoped, God-willing, that they might live to celebrate their golden, or even their diamond wedding.

Short addresses were also made in the order named, by the following gentlemen: Messrs. Wilkinson, President of the M. L. A., Russell, of the C. L. U., McClelland, of the T. U., Heinzman, of the Gorman Club, Hodgson, Bond, Pownall, Campbell, Witschief, Donnelly, Rotor, and C. O'Brien and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Rev. John Chamberlain. A letter of regret on inability to be present was read from Mr. John Carlin. Addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Barnes, Genet, and Wilkinson, the last named speaking for Mr. Jacques Loew.

The address of Dr. Gallaudet was a very fine speech. He said that it was very rare for silver weddings to be celebrated, death and divorce being the preventive, and that it looked as if God had specially blessed them.

At the conclusion of the speech-making a table, on which were laid the presents, and which had been concealed by a screen, was uncovered, and exclamations of admiration burst from all present.

The gifts flashed and reflected back the light, and the spectators were held spellbound for the first few minutes.

The table was tastefully laid out in black cloth. In the background was an immense floral pillow composed of white pinks tastefully trimmed with roses and ferns. Across the face the following was inscribed with red rose buds. "From the ladies of T. U." In the centre of the table was a massive silver waiter. With highly chased handles. The edges were artistically engraved. In the centre was a dazzling star. This, with a tea set, were the presents from the members of the Twilight Union and their friends. The tea set was composed of a tea urn of beautiful silver, highly ornamented, about 1½ feet high. Under the urn was a small silver lamp, a tea-pot to match, sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher, and castor, also a few other articles that have slipped our memory. All were excellent specimens of the jeweler's art and show the excellent taste and judgment of the buyers. The estimated value of the tea set is \$179.

The most beautiful and costly present from one individual was a silver water pitcher from big hearted Jacques Loew. The pitcher was set on a beautiful stand of crimson plush with silver handles. Around the stand was a circle of fragrant flowers of the rarest and most beautiful sorts. The pitcher was finely engraved, there being the figure of a startled bird on each side. The pitcher was hung on pivots, the inside was lined with porcelain. There was a massive silver cup, inlaid with gold. On the face of the pitcher was the following inscription artistically engraved:

In Commemoration
OF THE
Twenty-Fifth Anniversary
OF THE MARRIAGE OF
Mr. & Mrs. Weinberger,
NOVEMBER 17, 1857.
Jacques Loew.

The next to come was a beautiful fruit set from the "German Club" (deaf-mute) of New York City. This was a heavy silver car receiver inlaid with gold, supported by a column and two angels with wings outstretched. It had vases to match. These were about a foot high, and were supported by a swallow with wings outstretched.

A silver spoon rack and twelve beautiful silver spoons were Mr. and Mrs. Fersenheim's present. John Carlin and wife sent a silver sugar bowl. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and wife sent a pair of beautifully engraved napkin rings. Mr. Weinberger's fellow workmen sent a beautiful pair of silver napkin rings. J. Witschief presented a beautiful silver cake basket. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis presented a heavy silver cream-spoon, and Miss Batz a silver fruit dish. There were several other beautiful silver presents from the friends of the family, whose names could not be ascertained.

At twelve o'clock P. M., supper was served. It looked as if Delmonico had charge of the arrangements.

The table was laid out in an artistic manner with flowers, fruits and cakes. In the centre of the table was what looked like the obelisk, it was so high, but on a nearer view, it was found to be composed of the rarest tropical fruits. All did full justice to the repast thus spread before them, and found that the supper tasted as good as it looked. Sandwiches, cakes, candy, coffee, ice-cream, fruits, each received their due share of attention, and the supply seemed to be inexhaustible.

After supper, dancing was commenced. Those who did not care about dancing indulged in fortune

telling or playing games, such as Boston, Copenhagen, etc.

At 2 P. M., the guests began to depart, and the last left at 6 A. M.

As already mentioned, Mrs. Weinberger, nee Rhoda Maguire, was educated at the New York Institution, which was formerly located at 50th Street, N. Y. City. Mr. Weinberger received his education in the Fatherland. All their children—five—are living. Ten years ago, when celebrating their glass wedding, they received a most beautiful clock, which still keeps good time and is in daily use.

X.

South Carolina.

School opened on the 4th of October, with more pupils present than ever at the beginning of a session, and fifty-five are now in attendance. Although a greater number of new pupils has been admitted this term than during any previous term, yet consulting the census terms, one would say the number ought to have been many times greater. One of the new boys is twenty years of age and his parents live within fifteen miles of Columbia, the capital of our state. The reason he had not been sent here before was that his friends never heard of our school until this year.

Farewell to cheerful fireplaces. Steam heat will be used in this Inst. hereafter, and the question with us is whether it could warm us sufficiently in very cold weather or not; it having not been once cold enough for a test.

During the last term Prof. W. B. North, the music teacher in the Blind department, died suddenly; and his sister, an assistant teacher in the same department, afterward resigned. The latter's place has been filled by the appointment of Miss Stevens, of Baltimore, while the former's place, owing to few blind pupils in attendance, is left unfilled.

Mr. Lathrop, the foreman of the printing office, has not returned to his post yet. The last news announced that he was in Newberry, S. C., where he had secured a better place.

The wagon of an apple peddler from the mountains made its appearance at the Inst. the other day, and it was amusing to see how busy the children managed to keep the peddler for a while.

Prof. I. M. Hughtson is turning his attention to the dairying business, and he is quite enthusiastic about it, saying there is millions in it. Professor, we wish you success.

Mr. D. S. Rogers has moved into the cottage which Prof. North occupied, and is comfortably fixed up there. Mrs. Rogers is directing her skill to increasing the meat of a Thanksgiving turkey.

The Institution oxen and cow have been sick, shaking like persons afflicted with ague. One of the natives gravely attributed the cause to grazing blue grass. Oh! What a funny idea!

The triumphant election of Hon. H. S. Thompson to the office of governor is a good omen for our school for he has always been deeply interested in its progress.

Mr. Walker, our superintendent, spent some three days at Columbia this week, attending the state fair.

The first heavy frost we have had this season fell this week.

COLUMBUS.

Social Gathering.

DEATH OF ANNIE C. STOUT.

Interesting Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The "beautiful snow" nonplussed its admirers here on Monday morning of last week, as it swept by, bustling in a rather furious manner. Probably discovering that it had played a queer freak or showed some irregular conduct, the beautiful snow re-collected itself and vanished as confusedly as it came—in a flurry.

A very pleasant event of the week was the social gathering held in the Girls' Play Hall on Tuesday evening, November 14th, in which the youthful gentlemen and blooming ladies of the "C" floor classes met and mingled; such occasions have for their aim the better cultivation of well-bred manners, a larger acquisition of cultured conversation, and a wiser indulgence in all amusements as may become young people. The evening passed off as pleasantly, smoothly and well as could be expected, considering it was the first one given since the school term opened this fall. Refreshments were served to all at the appointed hour, after which prayer by Prof. McGregor concluded the blessed evening's social life and hushed every one into dreamland. Among the outsiders present, we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. J. M. Park, Mr. and Mrs. Greener; Messrs. Haskins, Halsey, Schory, Ruffington and Atwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Plum Park; Misses Hall, Dandan, Prouty, Ryn and Theiss; Mr. McGinness and Bride; Mr. and Mrs. Lynn, Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of Braddock, Pa., and other names which we cannot remember.

If the cold weather intends to keep up its vigor, then teetering on the see-saw and swinging around the "maypole" have closed their season on the Girls' play-ground.

Mr. James M. Park, in his recent lecture before the Clonina Society of this Institution, described a Californian squash as a vegetable of a very enormous size, say three or four feet high and twice as many in circumference. When he settles down there, we should think he might place his daughter inside the shell of one of this size, thus verifying the old nursery rhyme,

"He put her in a pumpkin,
And there he kept her very well."

The "clapper" fever among our boys has had an unusual run. Cause—the cold snap of last week.

Miss Annie C. Stout, of the class 1878, is at rest. She died of consumption, at her home in Gilboa, Putnam County, Ohio. The date of her death is not stated, but it is very recent.

Have you ever seen a barn, or rather a two-story stable, built of sheets of iron? Upon the southeast corner of Washington Avenue and Oak Street, scarcely a minute's walk from the Northeast corner of the Institute Square, is a grocery store which our boys quite often frequent to supply their many little wants; just in the rear of this store, fronting on Oak Street there has been built a stable as described in the above question. First, the lumber frames are raised, and next followed by the boarding up all around, on the outside, of crimped sheets of iron. Only the wooden doors and windows are visible to passers-by. We never saw one of its kind before. It belongs to Mr. Everett, who also owns the store on the corner. His stable had been burnt down two or three times, and never daunted by these repeated visits of misfortune, he determined to try iron, at a cost of four hundred dollars. It is a most substantial-looking building, of a dark chestnut color.

Mrs. Collins Sawhill, of the class of 1880, is stopping at No. 204 Oak Street, the home of Mrs. Lynn.

The following dispatch received in Columbus speaks for itself:

"SUNSHINE, MASS., Nov. 15, 1882.
"H. S. BARTY, COLUMBUS, O.—The call is accepted. I hope to begin work in December."
"WASHINGTON GLADDER."

This announcement to the Congregation at its weekly meeting, was received with clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of satisfaction. Aside from the tender of \$5000 salary here to that \$3000 which is received out there, Columbus and the rest open to Dr. Gladden a wider field in which to diffuse his usefulness, as a minister, a philanthropist and a Christian writer.

Mrs. John A. Lynn is back home again. She returned last week Saturday, after an absence of three weeks. The says she was at Minerva, O., with Mr. and Mrs. Brothers, only about two days. From there she went to Braddock, Penn., where lively times took her "everywhere" for at most three weeks. Among other things, Mrs.

Lynn reported that Mr. and Mrs. Reighardt (*nee* Annie Hartshorn) have returned to New Albany, Ind., to the home of her husband, on account of the consumptive condition of Mr. Reighardt's health.

We yet see mother Perry make a weekly pilgrimage to the Institution. It is ever a pleasure to see her, for the sight of her keeps greener the memory of our beloved ex-Superintendent, Charles S. Perry.

A music club, consisting of eight people, of whom Mr. J. J. Porter is one, met in the library room of this Institution for rehearsal one evening last week. The rehearsal is preparatory to giving a musical entertainment in the city some time.

Number seventy-four Elm Street, Columbus, the new and first home of our friends, Mr. McGinness and his bride, presented a joyous scene on Thursday, November 16th. It was in the nature of a surprise party got up in their honor. The occasion proved to be an agreeable, pleasant and enjoyable one. The young people kept up a gay, happy time many hours, and finished off with a sweet repast. A beautiful work-basket, the gift of the occasion, now stands in the parlor of the bride as a pleasing monument of the kind regards and good wishes of her surprise party. We give below nearly all the names of those who were there: Ed. J. Scott, John A. Lieb, Edward Dandan, A. G. Dewland, George Marvin, H. J. Swords, Samuel C. Stetson, Mr. J. C. Pier, wife and son, Miss Ida M. Jones and sister, Misses Mary Dandan, Alice Prouty, Sarah Woodring, Annie Theiss, Frederika M. Nestler and Ellen Murphy, Mrs. Collins Sawhill, Mrs. John Lynn, and the JOURNAL reporter.

Miss Lida O'Hara is the present clerk in the steward's office of this Institution, having succeeded Mrs. Rose, who was transferred to the corps of teachers. Miss O. is a lady pleasant and quiet manners, and of about four years of experience in the occupation which she now fills here.

Prof. A. B. Greener has returned to the "high chair" in the "C" boys evening study room, in the place of Mr. Schory, who "goes turned out to grass," and we sincerely hope the fat turkey and the other good things, judiciously taken, will bring him around again all right next month.

Little Bertha Patterson called on Lulu Atwood the other day. Bertha talked sensibly and accurately. Seeing her friend Lulu at the piano, Bertha observed, with an intelligence at once modest, sweet and pretty in her way, "I cannot play like Lulu; when I am grown up so, I may." We predict that years hence will present Bertha Patterson a young lady of most engaging and captivating manners.

Pitcher Dandan and catcher Ryn have "carried the day" in their suit for recovery of their wages against the Columbus Base Ball Club. The suit money will be collected in a week from last Monday. Ryn having to leave the city and needing ready cash, sold his "judgment" note, less a dollar or two. He has gone to Marion, G. Dandan says he has not signed an agreement to join the professional nine of Bay City, Michigan, and adds the improbability of such a step on his part, as he has received sufficient encouragements from a new club, now forming in the city, in the promise of a handsome salary, double that which he received in the best campaign of baseball. He would prefer not to go out of Columbus if he could help it. He says this new club has to select only five more men to complete the required number of nine.

Mrs. Fannie Clark (*nee* Miss Brown) has been at the Institution a while on a visit to friends. She was a teacher here for several years, under Mr. Fay, when he was superintendent.

No reader of the JOURNAL knows Mr. Williams, of Youngstown, O., but his black mare that we spoke of in Number Sixteen of the Columbus Correspondence. Later intelligence is to the effect that the horse has recovered; it was only a severe sore throat, although a neighbor of his lost one affected the same way. We congratulate our friend upon the fact that it did not turn out so bad as it might have.

Mrs. Helen A. Rose, our matron, was the recipient, on the occasion of her birthday, of a beautiful pitcher very unique in its design and graced over the brim with a bouquet of nature lovely flowers, both of which were highly appreciated, coming as the token did from some of her Institution friends who were more fortunate than the others in their remembrance of the day.

Mrs. Mary High, a visitors' attendant here in former years, was at the Institution recently. Her friends were very glad to see her again. Mrs. H. is a sister of our boys, supervisors, Lewis and Frank Fleuniken.

The weather here this week has been sunshine and disagreeableness with the latter predominating.

Mr. Luther Geer, a student in the Fourth Grammar Class, has been obliged to relinquish his studies on account of poor health. He went home, Sammerford, Madison County, Ohio, on the 22d, inst. Luther has always been a good boy, quiet in his manners, and respectful and obedient in his deportment. His teacher will miss him greatly, but sincerely hopes he may come back again with his health fully restored.

Miss Luella Fowler, of the First Grammar Class, has returned from an attendance upon the wedding nuptials of her sister, which took place last week at her home in Cleveland, Ohio. Miss L. K. Thompson is in New

York City, at least she reached there on Monday of last week.

News from Santa Barbara, Cal., speak enthusiastically of the delightful air, taste of the fruit, and smell of the flowers that grow down there in such abundance. One might think it is a perfect heaven; but as in every house, even in that paradise, there is a skeleton, out there just now the skeletons are the horrid dust and the monotonous brownness of nature. It is said Santa Barbara is only looking at its worst, and that, too, for a very brief duration. El Monticeto, the place where our friends are building themselves a new home, is situated two miles and a half from Santa Barbara proper. Its chief attractions at present are the air, the sea and the mountains; the place itself will have to wait a while under the master's eye and hand before it can expect to rise into that galaxy of superior attractive locations. Mutangs (a breed of horses) are ridden out there; the way girls ride them one would suppose they were born on horseback. Even children ride to and from school on the mutang. The cost of a mutang is a trifle, only twenty-five dollars, and a saddle, three-fifths as much. The ladies riding costume consists of a basque, medium long skirt "pants" of the same goods (instead of petticoats) and a cap. The average lady likes that, for it is easy and allows of jumping better, in case of danger. If one wants to go from San Francisco to Santa Barbara, he has to leave San Francisco at 9 o'clock a.m., and will reach Santa Barbara the next day at 7 o'clock p.m. In the Monticeto, where Mr. Perry is to make his future home, there is a small grocery-store at a convenient distance.

NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

Central New York.

EDITOR JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—I happened to meet an old mate on the street one night last October, while on my way to supper. He spelled on his fingers to me: "My name is Henry Lloyd, from Connecticut. I just came from the Glen Mountain House, where I visited all day." I took him home with me for supper, where the following conversation took place between us:

"Do you come from Connecticut?"

"Yes, I came from Binghamton two days ago, and then from Elmira yesterday."

"Do you peddle any thing?"

No, I do not; am only traveling for my health."

"How old are you, if you please?"

"Sixty-five years old."

"How can you support yourself without any money or help?"

"Help—only by the people."

"Are you not ashamed of it?"

No answer.

"I do not believe any mite peddler in the United States travels for his health. Do you travel much?"

"Yes; in every State, and the South."

"Do you hate to work?"

"No; I like it, but I cannot work, because I am very nervous and troublesome. I have been suffering with a bodily disease from infancy."

"You had better live with some relative, and pay for your board and clothes by doing light chores."

"Yes; I would like to, but I have been treated wrongly and cruelly by them."

"I think you had better go to the poor house or home for the aged, for they will take care of you well during your life. I think you look like a true tramp, because you wear a dirty linen vest, coat and pants with an old overcoat under, and that is what people think of you."

Mr. Lloyd could not answer this, and soon left us. He was around the streets two or three days, but did not dare to come near us again.

Hattie Wright worked at the Glen Mountain House until November 5th, when it closed. She has obtained work in an Elmira laundry as ironer. She returned to Watkins from Baltimore, Md., last June.

John Minard, the mute, works on the Syracuse, Geneva & Corning R. R. He gets \$1.25 per day, and boards himself. He lives one-half a mile from Watkins.

The writer still works at the cash produce store, and is the boss to open barreled apples to find out whether or not they are good or poor. We have shipped over six hundred barrels to New York and Pennsylvania this fall. We have about three hundred barrels on hand now.

The people who won the victory have a right to expect a wise and economical administration of the affairs of our State. We believe that Grover Cleveland, backed by a democratic Legislature, will give it to them. We believe he has the capacity and inclination to serve the best interests of the people of the State of New York, and will do so.

Yours truly,
JOHN
WATKINS, N. Y., Nov. 20, '82.

NOTICES.

Deaf-mutes of Norwich and vicinity are invited to attend service in Christ Church, on Friday, Dec. 1st, at 7.30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret and make an address.

God willing, there will be a service for deaf-mutes in Trinity Church, Broad St., Newark, N. J., next Sunday, Nov. 26th, at 3 P.M.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend service at St. Ann's Church, Morrisania, on Sunday evening, Nov. 26th, at 7.30 o'clock. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

The following was composed by J. B. Ackerman, of Pillar Point, N. Y., who has been deaf and blind, and also deprived of all use of his limbs, for many years:

How often I think of our childhood home;
Its square-hewn logs and broad linter roof,
And the large old chamber, where with wheel and loom,
Dear mother and sister made warp and woof.

How well I remember that dear old chamber bed,
And the noisy crickets their mighty revels
used to keep,
And many times I've listened to the raindrops overhead,
And there dear mother taught me, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

How sweet are the Recollections of the old-timewinter's night,
As I lay and listened to the ticking clock,
standing so trim and tall,
And by the light of the blazing logs, in fire-place burning bright,
I watched with drowsy eyelids the shadows on the wall.

O, could I have but one more long look
On the old familiar places, woods, meadows and brook,
On rock-pillared Point and Lakeside grove,
With its jutting boulders and pebbly cove,

And see old Sherwin's Bay once more,
And where the gravelly beach meets the soft, velvety sand,
Could I bathe in its waters as in years before
It might prove like Sileam of Holy Land:

And see again the grave-yard on the hill
Where the bay-side waves their murmuring requiem keep,
As the white marble slabs stand like sentinels sleep,
Guarding the spot where our parents sleep.

And there is yet one other hallowed ground,
And there one little flower-decked mound:
A darling waits for me.

But no, these longings are all in vain,
No more on earth these sightless eyes
Can ever behold these scenes again,
Of Lake, or landscape, or sunny skies.

Ah! those who have but to look at will,
On the face of Nature, and of friends so dear,
Can never know how the heart stands still,
Appalled in anguish, withering at the prospect drear.

Of those who know that "twere all in vain
To hope to see loved forms again.

And yet though there is no Christ on Earth to-day
To say "My son, receive thy sight,"
Nor to remove these scales with moistened clay
And change the darkness into light.

I know that when I reach that blissful shore,
O'er the ocean is never dim,
Our Saviour will my sight restore,
And call me home to him.

PHILADELPHIA CHRONICLE.

Thanksgiving is fast approaching, and we all are looking forward with pleasure for the turkey dinner we are sure to have. The boys are glad to learn that the house-keeper has already given some of the older girls lessons in the culinary art, and hope they will become able helpmeets for their future husbands. May they continue, and never give up till they reach the highest success.

The boys' library, containing at present five hundred and seventeen volumes, was opened a few weeks since, and William Weaver was appointed by the supervisor, Wm. Lee, Librarian, and Edward Harsh, Secretary. The Sunday school was also organized on the same day, under the care of William Weaver, Superintendent, and Edward Harsh, Assistant Superintendent and Secretary. The school consists of twelve classes, each having two tables. The progress, so far, is not great, on account of the want of cards of the Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments and scriptural question books. This want will soon be supplied, and then we will have a prosperous school.

The Chirological Literary Society is progressing quite well, but as I am not a member of it, I can not tell exactly how well. It has kept its name nearly four years.

The officers of the pupils elected a few weeks since are excellent ones and the order is almost perfect. These officers have had fine cabinet size photographs of themselves taken, and framed in one large square frame and hung in the sitting-room. Besides, each got seven of the same sized photographs for their own use, to give away to friends as they pleased.

On Saturday, the 18th inst., Messrs. Harsh, McDonnell, Garbet and Foster, of this school, were very kindly permitted to visit the curiosities in the Academy of Natural Sciences free of charge. Every thing was very interesting and instructive. But there were so many things, that they were not satisfied during their stay of about an hour and a-half.

There appeared in the JOURNAL two weeks ago, a mistake stating that James McGee, who once attended school in this city, was looked up in the Fort Madison Penitentiary, Iowa. He is in this city doing well and we noticed him at our Institution during the bi-centennial week. We suppose that mite who is looked up there is James Wendell. He was once a resident of this city, who ran out to that state some years ago.

The bi-centennial celebration of the landing of William Penn, passed off very nicely, as "Little Rep" said. There were nine hundred and one thousand visitors centered here, and a large number of mutes at our Institution. For three days and a half we had no school. One hundred and fifty Indians from the Carlisle Barracks witnessed the event with us from our porches. Some of them while riding for hours through the city, thought they had come to another city and asked when they were going to Philadelphia.

John Weaver, who left here last February on account of delicate health, contemplates visiting here on Christmas.

Indian Summer being over, the weather has become colder than ever this season, and the boys are very anxious to have ice made over their yard for skating. YOUNG AMERICAN.
Nov. 20, '82.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Rah For Kendall!

THE FOOT BALL TEAM WIN A VICTORY.

BRIEFS.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

To-night, the men of the Kendall foot-ball eleven will sleep soundly over the victory they won this afternoon from the Howard team of the Episcopal High School of Virginia. For weeks the match had been the main topic of discussion in college circles for the reason that the last contest had resulted in a draw, and was not at all satisfactory. It was the determination of the eleven to bring different results this time, and they did it too.

After chapel this morning, preparations began with the purchase of buff and blue ribbons. Later in the day, these same horns played an important part, and produced music which, if not agreeable, was at least effective. The principle "bugle" was that of '83, about three feet in length and manipulated by Griffin; '85 came next, with a pretty noisy machine in the hands, or rather mouth, of Davidson. Being thus equipped and lunch being over, the team and their admirers started for Alexandria. On the boat, a crowd of Columbia students were met on their way to see the contest. Arriving in Alexandria, the team captured a bus and forthwith made themselves known to the inhabitants of the drowsy little city by sonorous trumpet blasts fit to wake the dead. The High School grounds were reached about two P.M., and things were got in readiness for the contest. Though 2:30 was the time appointed for commencing play, it was past this hour before

THE CONTEST

began. Kendall won the toss, and selected the goal facing the wind, which cut like a blade. Captain Chickering took the ball for the kick off, and soon it was in play, being sent well into the Howard ground. Almost from the start the Howards, though favored by the wind, were forced to act on the defence. They were pushed back to their goal line, and tried in vain to prevent the Kendall securing a touch down. This was at length obtained by a bold dash of Waring, who forced his way through the Howards and secured the first touch down. On the try at goal by Angell, the ball was kicked wide, still leaving Kendall with the vantage. Nicoll now took the ball and brought it out with a drop kick that sent it into Kendall's ground. Back it came, only to be sent forward once more. Angell at length got the ball, and after a brilliant run, was pulled down near Howard's twenty-five yard line. Both sides "lined up," and Lynch snapped the ball to Smith who passed it to Chickering, the latter making his way further into Howards' ground. Howard managed to kick the ball out, and pressed it toward Kendall; but they were met—half way back it went into their grounds. In a scrimmage that followed, Lynch got the ball and amid the cries of "Look out for Jumbo," forced his broad shoulders through the Howard lines and secured the second touch down. The second attempt at goal also failed, the wind being unfavorable for a fair kick. Time was shortly after called, and the first half ended with two touch downs for Kendall.

SECOND HALF.

After an intermission of fifteen minutes, opening was resumed, the teams changing sides. Cartleman kicked off, sending the ball to Chickering, who brought it into Howard's ground. The men "lined up" and Lynch snapped the ball, Brookmire getting it, dodging his way still further into Howard's ground. After considerable kicking and by play, Angell once more laid hand on the ball, and by a splendid run-in, knocking down all before him, got a third touch down for Kendall. But the attempt at goal, like all other attempts, failed.

Nicoll brought the ball out, and with a drop kick, sent it toward the Kendalls' goal, while Howard pressed forward to keep their vantage. Johnson got the ball, but through fumbling, failed to run or kick out, and was caught near Kendall's goal line. The excitement now became intense, Kendall for the first time being on the defensive. Out of a scrimmage, the ball was passed to Samms, and with the assistance of Howard's forwards, he secured a touch down. Shouts and hurrahs testified the joy of the Virginians, while blasts of defiance were returned from Kendall's trumpets.

Chickering brought the ball out, and with a "drop," sent it away towards the Howards, who tried in vain to drive it back. The sides lined up two or three times, Howards trying to force their way through Kendall's forward with no result. Out of one of the scrimmages, Chickering got a kick at the ball and came near making a goal, but failed by a few inches. The ball

being brought out, Lynch got hold of it and once more forced his way through Howard's lines and secured the fourth touch down. Howard rallied and forced the ball somewhat towards Kendall's ground, but only for a moment, when inch by inch, they were forced back and at length Chickering got the ball, and the men faced each other about nine feet from Howard's goal-line. The excitement was now very high, the Kendalls standing around "Jumbo Lynch" in a compact mass. As was expected, Chickering threw the ball to Lynch, who, with the assistance of Berg, Hanson, Fox and Waring, made his way through the goal-line. A lengthy dispute ensued, and though it seemed a clear touch down for Kendall, the referee decided it no touch down. This practically ended the game, time being called shortly after. The score is as follows:

KENDALL.	POSITIONS.	HOWARD.
Lynch,	Forward.	Brown.
Borg,	Forward.	Nicoll.
Waring,	Forward.	Cartleman.
Hanson,	Forward.	Gibson.
Fox,	Forward.	Hay.
Smith,	Quarter-back.	Michaux.
Chickering,	Half-back.	E. Dallam.
Angell,	Half-back.	Sams.
Brookmire,	Half-back.	C. E. Dallam.
Johnson,	Back.	Noble.
Hansenstah,	Back.	Taylor.
B. Hottelsh,	Judge.	Mr. Cole.

Referee, Mr. Griffin.

Goals, Kendall 0. Howard 0.

Touchdowns, Kendall 3. Howard 1.

Time of game—1 hour, 45 minutes.

This ended Kendall's first contest this season, and we hope it may be the omen of many to come. On the way home, the "boys" showed their appreciation of the victory by raising terrible racket with fog-horns. Arriving at Kendall Green at about eight o'clock, the quietness of the neighborhood was shocked by the thundering tones of the "bulgers" who played with might and main. Well, it was a well-won victory, and no one will begrudge the noise made on its account.

BRIEFS.

Iron balustrades are being put on the steps leading from the east building to the Quadrangle.

Miss Lulu Chickering, daughter of Prof. Chickering, has been quite ill recently. During her convalescence she made a number of pretty caps for the foot-ball men.

A number of young trees were planted on the grounds during the week, and will add to their appearance during the coming spring and summer.

In the match to-day, the Kendalls were dressed in red jerseys, knickerbockers, stockings, and buff and blue caps.

A derick used at the boundary sewer in front of the College grounds, fell down an excavation of seventy-five feet, and mortally wounded one of the workmen.

While out walking one day, two weeks ago, Miss Mary T. Gordon, the popular teacher of articulation, slipped and severely sprained her right arm. At first it was feared that the arm was broken, but fortunately it turned out otherwise. Her many friends both in and out of the College will be pleased to learn that she is recovering as fast as can be expected.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Nov. 18, '82.

A CHILD WITHOUT A SKULL.

THE LIGHT OF A LAMP VISIBLE THROUGH THE HEAD OF AN INFANT.

A remarkable freak of nature arrived in this city yesterday in the of a child, which has managed to live for seventeen months without that bony "dome of thought" which is regarded as essential to continued existence. Moreover, the child seems to have no use for a brain, if the eyes may be believed, for, in the absence of a skull, the head is translucent and almost transparent, while by the aid of a lamp properly held it may be perceived that the brain cavity is filled with a colorless fluid. Nothing exists in this serum that can be perceived. The head is larger than the body, the increase of size being almost entirely above the temples, and measures 27 inches around. The lower face is perfect, and the child would be pretty but for the monstrous development. The rapid growth of the head has drawn the skin until the eyelids will not close, and the eyebrows are pulled up an inch above the normal position.

The child has every appearance, except in the color of the skin, of good health. It is fully developed, is very plump, and is said to be strong, while it has a good appetite. In all its habits it is regular and like any other child. That it should have progressed so far as to have been weaned, maintaining good health, and should have reached the teething period, is one of the wonders of physiology. Its senses are said to be perfect and acute, and it possesses enough intelligence to smile faintly, when tickled, and to recognize food when he sees it. When the child was born it was known as "the headless baby," as it seemed cut off above the ears on a line sloping toward the nape of the neck, while a wrinkled skin covered the top. It suffered greatly, and its life was preserved with difficulty. At three or four weeks of age the skin began to fill out, when the child's sufferings ceased and it enjoyed good health. The growth has been constant since.

As the handkerchief flirtation i getting a little "stale," we suppose that a coat-tail code will be brought into use. A coat-tail covered with mud will mean "I don't like her old man."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

DETROIT.

Echoes from the "City of the Straits."

CHIT-CHAT.

■ A day of leisure is a luxury, and whenever we have one within our grasp it behooves us to do the best we can with it. With this idea in his mind, your correspondent called on Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Kolhoff at their pleasant home. Though he called early enough, he found that several mutes had already preceded him. All were found to be enjoying themselves immensely, and the writer could not but smile when he saw the happy faces around him. The afternoon passed off serenely, every body managing to find something to amuse the company. Twilight approaching, the host invited all to a bountiful repast, served by his little wife, and all did ample justice to it. The afternoon guests soon retired to their homes, and other friends came and went, until in the course of the afternoon and evening the parlor was crowded three times in succession. So much for the growing popularity of this young couple.

James Sullivan, whose recent meeting with a brother he had not seen for four years, was announced in the JOURNAL some time ago, has cause to be grateful for it. His brother, after having been in Detroit for some time, went to Chicago, presumably for work, and all unconscious of the fate that awaited him. While there, he accidentally met brother No. 3, from whom he learned that his father and two daughters were living in town that very day. Both James and brother No. 2 had not seen home for five years, and were then living with an aunt. They believed they were orphans, and this little circumstance has relieved them of this impression.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Mr. Henry George, a deaf-mute farmer of Taylor Center, 17 miles from Detroit, was in town on the 18th. He appears to be quite intelligent, and works about 90 acres of land. He expects to be in this city again on the 23d prox., when he will sell the mutes here the ever-appetizing turkey. We will chip in, of course.

Mr. George D. Hunter now works for Mr. Fisk. George is a first-class shoe cutter.

Michael McNulty, who had been "nosing" around for some time, has at last obtained employment at shoe-making.

Mr. John Hartman is among the fortunate ones who have permanent positions. He works in the box department of a match factory, and has been at the same place for eight years.

Collins C. Colby is growing a fine crop of dark red beard. He expects to sacrifice it next Thanksgiving.

There is some talk of holding a levee here Christmas. Start the ball, rolling.

Mr. William Briel congratulates his old schoolmate, Mr. Thomas McGinness and Miss Nellie O'Gara on their recent launch into the matrimonial sea.

Mr. Christian Gottwerth is the only mite butcher here. He expects busy times this fall, when hogs are in demand. The hog traffic is in his line.

Albert Grunow is the only mite here who is initiated into the mysteries of cigar making.

Miss Grace Chamberlain, of Three Oaks, Mich., is expected in Detroit pretty soon.

Mr. Chas. F. Garrison is the most jovial mite in Detroit. His face is a perpetual smile.

Mr. Geo. H. Martin's mother met with a terrible accident some time ago. She had her collar-bone broken, and was otherwise bruised by stumbling over something at her home.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services as announced.

Any mite strangers visiting Detroit, should call on Mr. Marcus H. Kerr at his art studio, and he will do his best to entertain you.

A new club is talked of, and might be on its feet in a short time.

Ed. L. Van Damme seems to have bottled up all the humor there was at college, and is gradually uncorking it here. At a company, where there were several hearing Misses present, and while they were looking over a photograph album, they came to a picture of a couple men almost covered with hair, who might be seen in the ten-cent attachment to Fore

FANWOOD.
SNOW FLAKES.
Birthday Gifts, &c.
INSTITUTION BREEZES.

Miss A. Elizabeth Rhoades, Matron of the Seamstress Department, was called into the girls' sitting room at seven o'clock Wednesday evening last, and was immediately escorted to a chair in the centre of the apartment. Miss Georgie Decker then stepped forward and delivered in graceful pantomime the following birthday address:

DEAR MISS RHODES:—Permit me to extend our kindest wishes for your present happiness, and hope that each succeeding anniversary will find you as now—esteemed and loved by your many friends. To us you have ever been most kind and considerate in all that has concerned our welfare, and as a slight token of our sincere appreciation of your efforts to promote our happiness, we tender you this little gift as a birthday souvenir.

Your Affectionate friends,
THE GIRLS OF FANWOOD.

At the conclusion of the address, Miss Rhoades was presented with an elegant card-receiver in the name of the girls. She was also presented with other gifts from some of the officers.

The President of the Washington Heights Century Club was among our guests of the 17th inst.

Miss Thompson, of the Articulation Department of the Ohio Institution, arrived here the middle of last week. She will make a thorough examination of the methods employed here, with the object in view of introducing our system into the Ohio School, provided it proves satisfactory. Miss Thompson says she is delighted with everything about the Institution, and that thus far her visit has been exceedingly pleasant.

Miss Noble, Matron of the Culinary Department, was unable to attend to her duties the greater part of last week owing to indisposition.

A few of our officers attended the Weinberger Silver Wedding, and report an enjoyable time.

W. G. Shanks, a High Class bud of promise, lectured before the boys in the study room one evening last week. "Evangeline" was put to bed for the winter Saturday last.

James C. Wheeler called Saturday morning.

A debate took place before the High Class Society Friday evening last, on the question: "Could the manufacture of liquors and tobacco be stopped?" The champion of the affirmative side was D. Sullivan, and that of the negative, W. G. Shanks. Wind up—negative, 5; affirmative, 4. Supervisor Sloat, who has been connected with the Institution as pupil and supervisor for about fifteen years, resigned Saturday last. He has obtained employment in Beatty's Organ Factory in Washington, N. J., and commenced work Monday. During his connection with the School, by his gentlemanly behavior and strict attention to duty he won hosts of friends, who saw him depart with regret.

Alfred Emmons, the rising young artist, held a business interview with one of our fair lady teachers at the Institution, Saturday evening last.

Misses Hagadorn and Bryn were seen skipping blithely down Broadway on the afternoon of the 17th inst. Something was in the wind, of course. "Cyril Cadwallader's" literary phiz brightened the printing office for about an hour Wednesday afternoon last.

Geo. Porter went to the city Saturday to meet a friend, but was disappointed. His friend had gone to join the Salvation Army over in Brooklyn.

An interesting stereopticon lecture was what amused the pupils Saturday evening last. Seventy-one views were flashed on the screen.

Frank Houck is a Printer's Devil. He lives in the Country. He visited the vicinity of the City Hall on Saturday for the first time and saw the World building. His mouth opened as wide as a Coal Scuttle. Then he ate two Codfish Balls and three Hanks of Bread. When he returned to the School he knew so much there was no Holding him. He went to bed and dreamt of Codfish Balls. Happy Franky Houcky.

The new High Class society has been christened "The Peet Literary Society," in honor of Harvey P. Peet. Mr. Snooks, who has done considerable painting for the Institution for a number of years past, is dead.

George Peet, youngest son of the Principal, is attending the military school at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Prof. Mann preached in place of Dr. Peet Sunday afternoon last.

Dr. Harvey P. Peet's birthday fell on Sunday, and the following day was set apart for observance. School commenced at nine o'clock and closed at twelve. At one o'clock, all the pupils assembled in the chapel, where two hours were passed in reminiscences of this deaf-mute benefactor. The pupils were permitted to do pretty much as they pleased during the remainder of the day.

Howard Goodair, a former supervisor, called Sunday.

At the conclusion of the commemorative exercises in honor of the birthday of Dr. H. P. Peet, Prof. Gamage moved that a fund be started for the purpose of purchasing a bust of Dr. Peet. Prof. Reaves thought it best to have an Institution trade mark with the figure stamped on envelopes, letter heads, etc. Prof. Jones was in favor of a bust, and upon planking down a dollar was greeted with applause. However, no decisive action was taken in regard to the matter.

Mrs. Totten, who has been visiting Brooklyn friends for quite a while, called at the printing office Monday afternoon last. She recently visited the grave of Harriet Stoner, who was a very dear friend of hers. Mrs. Totten was matron here for over a quarter of a century.

Football is booming. But there appears to be a lack of knowledge of the rules governing the game among the players. Time will, however, set things right.

Chess tournaments are in vogue among the High Class boys. Nearly every evening exciting games take place.

Charles W. Stowell has been appointed to fill the place vacated by Supervisor Sloat until the meeting of the Directors in December, when in all probability he will be regularly appointed to the position.

Miss Myra L. Barrager, who has taught half a day for the past two or three years, was appointed a "full" teacher at the last meeting of the Educational Committee.

Excitement among the female portion of the household was awfully apparent Tuesday morning last. It actually oozed out of their finger tips during the day, but that there was a sufficient quantity in reserve was manifest at seven o'clock in the evening. The occasion was the birthday of Miss Prudence Lewis, and the aforesaid excitement was caused by the proposed presentation of a slight token of regard from the girls. The ceremony of presenting the gift differed very little from that of Miss Rhoades' on the preceding Friday. The gift was also an elegant card-receiver. Following is the address, delivered in signs seraphic, by Miss Bella Fisher:

DEAR MATRON:—Another year has quickly fled on golden winged pinions, and as we are gathered to commemorate your natal day and wish you new joys for the coming year. All Nature is resplendent with her gorgeous autumn robes of "ruset gold and gray," and echoes our warmest wishes, and in her exultant language interprets the hopes we cherish for you that when your labors are ended you may find, awaiting you in that "beautiful haven of rest," a diadem surpassing earth's autumn glory.

Before another year has elapsed, many of us will have gone forever from your care, whether or not to meet in the future, Time, the venerable sage, alone can tell; yet to us your memory will ever be dear, and in token of our love and esteem we now tender you this little gift, which we hope will always prove a pleasant memento of the girls, who now subscribe themselves, Your loving friends,
THE GIRLS OF FANWOOD.

Miss Lewis was also in receipt of a well executed oil painting from Miss Hagadorn, a mat from Miss Rhoades; a neat volume entitled "Stepping Heavenward," from Miss C. Van Wagonen, of this city; a painted horseshoe, from Myra Croak, and other appropriate gifts from friends which we failed to make a note of. After the presentation, the High Class girls repaired to Miss Lewis' room, where an agreeable time was spent until 10 o'clock.

For some time past, it has been rumored about the Institution that we were to have a new Head Matron. Wednesday she unexpectedly arrived, and is now busily engaged at her duties. Her name is Mrs. Henry, and she is withal a very pleasant appearing lady.

Chr.

A Dangerous "Mash."

As the train pulled out of Charleston I looked around the car and saw that there were seven of us occupying whole seats, while the eighth was a port-looking girl about 18 years old. I think the idea with the other six men was to get some sort of an excuse to share the young lady's seat.

One offered to open the window, but found it open and fell back. A second offered her a book, but she had read it. A third handed her a newspaper, but she had the same issue. The fourth one was a drummer from Cincinnati. He pulled his cap down, picked up his grip sack and went to the door and banged it as if he had just entered. Then rushing along the aisle he plumped down beside the girl without a word, stowed his grip under his feet, and pulled out a paper and began to read. It was ten minutes before he said a word to her, but when the conversation opened she proved to be the most entertaining that man ever listened to. She had traveled everywhere and seen everything, and had a laugh to make a man's heart jump. As the train thundered on the drummer made love, lied right and left, and seemed to have made a complete mash. She gave him her address, invited him to call, told him all about her family, and permitted him to call her darling before he reached Savannah. He was to see about her baggage there, and while looking for it she slipped away. When we got to the hotel he suddenly grew as white as flour. She had borrowed his diamond ring and will had it. She had slyly taken his gold watch and chain, and when he felt for his wallet his fingers clutched an empty pocket. He danced around like a crazy monkey, figuring his total loss at \$520, but he raved in vain. The entertaining girl who had permitted him to "darling" her, and who had solemnly informed him that she had never known what love was until then, could not be found by the police. It was a back-handed game. —M. Quad on his travels.

Fritz Ottocar's Fellow-Huntsman.

I wonder what keeps my comrade?
The daybreak is all day!
Once more I will blow my bugle—
Oho! tally-ho! oho!

My comrade was never a laggard—
For, deep in the forest dim,
How many a stag I have started
At peep o' the light with him.

He wingeth the truest arrow
That ever a mountaineer
Sent out of a cross-bow, whizzing
With death to a dappled deer.

Why pipeth he back no answer?
He maketh no answer or sign!
I hear tally-ho in the distance;
But that is the echo of mine.

Full many a morning my comrade
Has answered my bugle-call,
Yet now he is mute and misses
The goodliest day of all.

The frost that has whitened the heather,
Will bludge the herd to drink
From his holes in the ale, this morning—
A chance for a shot, I think.

So crisy a crust for stalking
Comes not in a year and a day;
What spell has bewitched my comrade
To fool such a chance away?

By Juno! I now bethink me!
He yesterday wedded a bride!
She tangled him in her tresses—
She bludeth him to her tread.

My comrade was always a rover,
As wild as a hawk on the wing,
Yet now he is caged with a ring-dove—
Or tied to an apron-string.

A woman can fasten a fetter
Too strong for a man to rend—
My comrade is now a captive,
In bondage that never can end.

A man is a fool to marry—
He never can come or go;
But, hark! he is blowing his bugle!
Oho! tally-ho! oho!

—Theodore Tilton.

RELIGIOUS TEACHING.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I see "Imperator" was in Pittsburgh a while ago, and I wish he had come this way, for it passes us to take up sufficient news for the "Itemizer" even, and we thought that fertile brain of his might see something we had overlooked, hence the wish.

All is well, however, and affairs progressing smoothly.

Who said that our pupils were receiving entertainments for the benefit of the building fund, after I had said it was for the library?

The Executive Committee were out yesterday, and went through the monthly inspection of everybody and everything. We are happy to possess a Committee genuinely interested in their charges, and we feel encouraged accordingly.

A writer in the *Silent World* of October 1st, says: "It has often puzzled us in the way some clergy can preach the Bible on the text, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world,' to people who have perhaps not over \$500 a year, while they are drawing \$3,000."

This was thoughtlessly written, surely, or else it is decidedly misanthropic. If any man needs more money than another, and can do more good with it, that man is a clergyman. Why should not all preach from these texts? If they do not practice, they only set an example for their people to avoid, but afford no reason why they should not warn others from it.

Now, a man whose mission is to help the helpless, to uplift the fallen, and feed the sick and destitute, must have money, and plenty of it, at immediate command.

The salary of a real "minister"—that good old name signifying "One who waits upon and helps another," and was applied to Christ himself—can not be too large. He must have money on the spot, time and again, and can not wait for committees of trumpeted wholesale charity and subscription papers to go their tedious rounds, while a man is starving or a family freezing. By adding to your pastor's salary, you take the most effective method for doing more good with your money than you could alone.

Not many pastors are rich with accumulated savings; the fruits of preaching. God forbid! The genuine minister looks upon his salary with the eyes of a steward, entitled to a percentage of it, and bound to use the balance in his Master's service.

Neither do they demand their salaries, or set a price upon their ministry. We pay them what we think they should have voluntarily.

Again the writer says: "By all means teach the Bible, so long you are prepared, as far as you can, to act up to it, not otherwise."

Here is a text for some of us, now! How many teach the Bible under these conditions? The quotation is forcible, through unfair. If we taught only as far as we practiced, there would be precious little Truth known I reckon!

In this world, a man receives credit for what he does, what he accomplishes; in the next, from a Judge who knows our frailty, we shall receive credit for what we honestly tried to do, as well as what we did.

If we cannot love our neighbors as ourselves, must we hide the mandate to do so from our fellows who might obey it, did they know? If we covet, if we long for our neighbor's ox or his ass, shall we withhold the command not to do so from another's knowledge, when we have the will to tell him, just because we cannot say, "I did it not, therefore do not thou?" If I kill, the injunction, "Thou shalt not kill," is none the less binding upon you.

Do not turn from admonition and say "Do it yourself first." No, do you do it, and leave me to my punishment for not knowing and doing it not. Therefore to him that knoweth to do good and doth it not, to him it is sin. —James 4: 17.

I accept the first six words of the quotation, and say, "By all means teach the Bible." If we dealt with a

pearl as this writer would have us deal with the Truth, pearls would be worthless. Won by a naked heathen from the ocean's bed, torn from the rotting shell, and sold by a worse than heathen white man, it comes to us, and is regarded with rapture and fondled by the pure, the good and the beautiful among us, and held almost priceless among gems. So let us regard the Truth, however obtained:

"Seize upon Truth wherever found,
On heathen or on Christian ground;
Among your friends, among your foes,
The plant's divine where'er it grows."

I am glad this writer has written what he did. It should meet the eye of every teacher of the deaf, who, we know, is, in most cases, the only religious instructor the mute child has during the most inexpressible period of life. I know that almost all of us appreciate keenly our responsible positions, and many of us enter upon this branch of instruction with a lack of self-confidence and a feeling of self-reproach at our own want of consistency. As "murder will out," so the real character of a man will be made manifest sooner or later to his pupils, who, among the deaf, are more than usually quick to see and compare a man's words and acts, and almost intuitively discern his motives. Never was the adage, "O, consistency, thou art a jewel," more fittingly quoted than in this connection.

Those who do teach, however, will find that an earnest endeavor to "act up to it" will conduce in a great degree to their lending more effective aid to those who choose to follow their teachings. They will know the trials, the doubts and fears, that so thickly beset a young learner in the "Book of Life," and so often turn him back in the very face of the teaching, for want of the encouragement only one who has suffered and conquered can give.

One who is thus acquainted with the actual experience of a "doer of the word," will preach with more assuring confidence, will have more weight in these councils around the Bible, and encourage a frank questioning spirit in the young, so necessary to success in inculcating the Truth. The inconsistent man who teaches this branch of knowledge wears a very different air from the believer who practices. I know very well the lasting impression such a man as the former, even "In Orders," can make upon a child's mind from personal experience.

Let the preacher, as I said before, try to practice, and he is in a fair way to do so, with more good results in his teaching therefore than the anointed clergyman, even he who "rests on his laurels," having righteousness sufficient—vide this D.D. degree.

The inconsistent man is robbed of many a grand opportunity for a vigorous stirring exposition of a golden text, knowing that his hearers know, and will say, "He don't do it tho'." It is sadly forced upon him in the midst of his lecture some time and he falters, seeing the cold reproach in every eye, and knows that his eloquence, through perfect, is fruitless, even as "faith, without works is dead."

J. C. B.

TURTLE CREEK, Nov. 10, '82.

Mr. Osgood's Pleasure Trip

DEAR EDITOR:—Allow me a little space in your excellent paper about my delightful visit in New York and Brooklyn.

Mr. Leo L. Greis, of Brooklyn, made me a very delightful visit in Natick, on the second day of this month, and I gave him a pleasant ride around the country, which interested him greatly. In the evening he went to Maine to visit his friend.

On the same evening I was on board the steamer "Bristol," of Fall River line bound for New York, where I arrived safely the next morning, and found my friends well and glad to see me. The weather was very lovely. In the evening I was much delighted to receive a call from Mr. George L. Reynolds for a short time. Saturday evening, Mr. Reynolds, and I went to the American Institute Fair, which deeply interested us, and were agreeably surprised to meet many deaf-mutes, who seemed much pleased with their visit to the Fair. On Sunday, I went to St. Ann's Church in 18th Street, to attend the service. A good many mutes were present. After service, Mr. Godfrey pointed to me the many places of interest, up and down town till dark. Monday, Mr. Alexander Pachikoff showed me the process of photography. The pictures in his art gallery were very beautiful.

Tuesday, Mr. Reynolds and I rode up-down on the elevated railroad and were courteously received at Fanwood. We saw the printing office and were invited to take tea with Miss Lewis, the genial matron to whom we were greatly indebted for her kindness. After tea, Mr. Reynolds and I went down town to call on Mr. and Mrs. Weinberger and Juhring, and enjoyed our calls very much. They are very fine people.

Wednesday morning, I was very glad to meet my good friend, Mr. Leo L. Greis, on the Steamer Providence, of the Fall River Line at the wharf, from his delightful visit in Maine. He looked very well. In the afternoon we went to Central Park to see the animals and other things. In the evening, we went to the room of the Catholic Literary Union to hear the lecture of Mr. Russell of his travels in Canada. I think the society is very fine and prosperous, and wish it success. Thursday, we were deeply interested in the debate at the Manhattan Literary Association.

On different times I took a stroll on the streets of New York, looking at palatial stores and costly public buildings on Broadway and other

great thoroughfares, and magnificent residences on Fifth Avenue, visited the deaf-mute school for articulation on Lexington Avenue, and was greatly indebted to Mr. Nuber for his kindness in showing me all over the splendid building.

Saturday evening, I spent an hour pleasantly with Mr. Greis at the Twilight Club, at Mrs. Bailey's residence in Harlem. The club is a very fine one, and I wish it success. At 10:30 o'clock the same evening I took the express train for Boston, where I arrived safe and well the next morning. I spent part of the day with my friend Eddie W. Frisbee. In the evening I arrived in Natick safe and found my folks well and glad to see me again.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. Greis and his family, Reynolds, Souweine, Godfrey, Senior, Loew, Pach, Soper, Fitzgerald, Nuber, Donnelly, O'Brien, Miss Lewis, Mrs. Bailey and others, for their great kindness to me during my visit. I shall never forget them, and will think of my delightful visit with much pleasure. I wish them health, happiness and prosperity, and also many a merry Christmas and Happy New Year. It would afford me great pleasure to invite them to come to Natick to visit me. I am indeed glad to have made many new friends in New York and Brooklyn, and am in hopes I will visit them again next year. A. F. O.

Deaf-Mutes.

The following is a letter sent from Malone to the *Churchman* concerning the services for deaf-mutes at St. Mark's Church on Sunday, Oct. 29th:

The 21st Sunday after Trinity was devoted to deaf-mutes by Rev. J. B. Pitman, rector, assisted by Rev. T. B. Berry, of Manlius, who interpreted the services, sermon and sacrament of Holy Communion in the sign language. Eighteen of this afflicted and deeply interesting class were present, some of them walking long distances (one man seventeen miles) to enjoy the opportunity of hearing the services of the Church and the gospel preached in their own language. A large congregation was present morning and evening, and witnessed the devotion and eagerness with which the mutes followed the services and sermon, all but one being educated in the sign language. The Rev. Mr. Berry's manner of interpretation was so graceful, significant and impressive that many in the congregation, not mutes, listened not only with their ears, but with their eyes. During the delivery of the sermon, many were in tears. It is seldom that a congregation has assembled in St. Mark's so greatly moved by their feelings and sympathies. The rector himself could hardly control his emotions as he looked into the eager eyes and speaking faces of the mutes, with the knowledge that every word he uttered was received and understood by this afflicted class of the congregation.

We have between 30,000 and 35,000 deprived of two of the most important of the five senses given to man. Nearly or quite 40 of these are living in Franklin county. They can have no communication with the outside world, only as they are educated in the sign language. If deprived of this, their moral and spiritual nature must remain unreached and uneducated, and they be left to follow the propensities of their lower and animal nature, to be a curse to their families, to society and themselves, and often a life-long burden to the tax-payers.

We willingly give our money to send missionaries to the heathen, many of whom have to spend years in learning their language before they can speak to them of the gospel of Christ. Do we not owe it to ourselves to see that the deaf and dumb in our midst are taught by those qualified, and thus be enabled to receive as great a benefit as we are ready to confer on the heathen on foreign shores?

Human life is a talent, a privilege, a probation. To live to a purpose, men should live long, in order that they may gain experiences, for by the wise use of these, grand things are said and done.

It then follows that this life should be cherished by all these practices which tend to preserve it in its highest, healthiest forms, and to its greatest duration, and therefore health is duty.

More people die prematurely from want of care in any given year, than perish by plague, famine, pestilence and war.

More people die of air-tight rooms, than of unchinked log-cabins.

Physicians may rest assured that if the invalid and the convalescent were more closely observed and studied, they would be more successful, with less medicine.

It is a beautiful fact, that while the warmth and exposure of summer tend to biliousness and fevers, the free use of berries and fruits counteracts the tendency.

Let our children starve for bread rather than for air. Let us see to it that their apartments, at home and in the school-room, are well ventilated, and that they are not too confined to hard benches, in crowded rooms. Let them learn to play as well as to study. Let us educate their bodies as well as their minds.

If a child is regularly put to sleep at the same time, for only three or four days in succession, the habit will so regularly grow upon it that with the air of quiet and a little darkening of the room, it will, if well, fall to sleep within a few minutes of the time, for weeks and months in succession, such

is nature's love for system and regularity.

If you are well, let yourself alone. The forms and ceremonies of politeness may be dispensed with, in a measure, in the relations intimacies of one's own fire side, but kind attentions never.

There can be no doubt that an ill-conditioned cellar is the unsuspected cause of death among many a happy household.

The more clothes a man wears, the more bedclothes he uses, the closer he keeps his chamber, whether warm or cold, the more he confines himself to the house, the more numerous and warm his night garments, the more readily will he take cold, under all circumstances; as the more a thrifless youth is helped, the less able does he become help to himself.

Domestic Recipes

GRAHAM COOKIES.—Take two cups of sugar, one cup of sour cream, half a teaspoonful of soda; mix quickly, roll rather thin, and bake in a modern oven. Possibly the inexperienced cook needs to be told that Graham flour must be cooked longer than wheat flour.

ARTIFICIAL HONEY.—Three pounds of white sugar; one teaspoonful cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of alum dissolved; one tablespoonful rose water; add enough water to make of the right substance; mix and heat to a boiling point. This is a good imitation if properly prepared.

PUFFS FOR DESSERT.—Take one pint of milk and cream, the white of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one heaping cup of sifted flour, one scant cup of powdered sugar; and a little grated lemon peel and a little salt; beat these all together till very light, bake in gem pans, sift pulverized sugar over them and eat with sauce flavored with lemon.

EGG TOAST.—Soak small pieces of stale bread in milk until they are just moist, but not at all broke; then dip them in beaten egg seasoned with salt and pepper, and fry them in a frying kettle half full of smoking hot fat. When they are light brown take them from the fat with a skimmer, arrange them neatly on a hot dish, dust them with powdered sugar and serve them hot at once.

Prizes for our subscribers.

A man fishing around in all his pockets for a nickel to secure his admission to a five-cent lunch house, can hardly realize that the amount of coin in circulation in this country is over \$700,000,000.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A man must be thirty-five years old before he can be President of the United States. This is a great damper on many young men now in college; but we all suffer more or less from reckless legislation.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Stove up?" asked Xylo of a friend whose face bore the marks of a recent conflict. "I should say so," he replied; "I went to a Dutch picnic yesterday and got struck in the mug with the bang of a beer barrel. Stove up? Well, I should remark." —*New York Commercial.*

Prizes for our subscribers.

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THE COMPETITION CLOSES

APRIL 14, 1883.

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For the 1st largest list - \$15.00
" " 2d " " - \$10.00
" " 3d " " - \$5.00

RULES.

Those wishing to compete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of new subscribers.

Any one who has been a subscriber within six months will not count.

Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

No letter mailed after April 14th, 1883, will be counted.

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